TAYLORS VRANIA,

OR

His Heauenly Muſe.

WITH

A briefe Narration of the thirteene Sieges, and ſixe Sackings of the famous Cittie of IERVSALEM.

Their miſeries of Warre, Plague, and Famine, (during their laſt ſiege by VESPASIAN and his Son TITVS.)

In Heroicall Verſe compendiouſly deſcribed.

LONDON

Printed by *Edward Griffin* for *Nathaniel Butter*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop at *S. Auſtins* gate, at the ſigne of the Pyde Bull. 1615.

TO THE RIGHT worshipful, and worthy fauourer of all good endeuours, Sr GEORGE MORE Knight, Lieutenant of his Maties Tower of London, and one of his Highnes *Iustices of the Peace and Quorum, in the Countie of Middlesex.*

MOst humbly (worthy) and religious Knight,
These things which did from my inuention
On you in loue and dutie, I bestow, (flow:
Whose patronage can shield me safe from spight.
And though the stile, and phrase, vnpolisht be
Of new-coynd words, to please these Critick times,
(For I, no Scholler, what can come from me
But downe-right plaine, and ordinarie Rimes.)
Yet when your leisure serues you to peruse
These poore endeuours, which my wit hath done:
You shall perceiue my weake laborious *Muse*
Hath in this Worke, hir-selfe, hir-selfe outrun.
The Matters *true*, and *truth* I know you loue,
And Loue conduct you to the ioyes aboue.

Your Worships, in all
dutious obseruance,

IOHN TAYLOR.

To the Reader.

THis Booke, if I with boasting should commend,
In seeking to defend, I should offend:
Or should I brag, and say it is well writ
Twere selfe-conceit, presumption, and no wit.
Againe, should I my selfe, my selfe depraue
It were a signe I small discretion haue
Then as my thoughts, all bragging pride do hate,
So I abhorre to be so much Ingrate
As to deny Gods gifts, and say that he
By Nature, nothing hath bestowde on me.
If ought be Good, I thanke the power Diuine,
All that is bad I must acknowledge mine;
My God hee's Author of my doing well,
Without whose Grace, no Good in me doth dwell.
But be it good, or bad, or well, or ill,
Kinde Reader, gently iudge, my Artles skill.

The Author to the Printer.

GOod honest Printer, to thy buisnes looke,
Be careful how thou dost Compose this Booke:
If thou thy letters, or my words misplace
The fault is thine, but mine is the disgrace.
Then for my Credit, and thine owne Respect
Compose, and proue, and euery fault correct.

In

In laudem Authoris.

To the Helliconian Water-Poet, my honeſt friend, *Iohn Taylor*.

IN euery Art, ſaue Poetry, the meane
Is praiſd: but therein meanely-well to do
Is baſe, too baſe: then Iudgment cannot leane
On whats too baſe, but baſe it muſt be too.
Then each man that his Reputation huggs
For Iudgment, praiſe no lines of but meane Reach:
And laude but what drawes dry *Mineruaes* duggs,
Leſt they their Iudgments might thereby impeach.
Then is my Iudgment *Iack*, perplext in thee;
For thou doſt write ſo well with meanes ſo ill
That thine Admirer I confeſſe to be,
Much rather then the Iudger of thy skill:
Art makes not Poetry, thou doſt plainly proue,
But ſupernaturall bountie from aboue.

John Dauis.

In Vraniam *Iohannis Taylor* Encomium.

IT is disputed much among the Wise,
If that there be a water in the skies:
If there be one: no Waterman before
Was euer knowne to Raw in't with his Oare.
If none; such is thy high surmounting pen
It soares aboue the straine of Watermen:
Whether there be or no, seeke farre and neere
Th'art matchles sure in this our hemisphеare.

William Branthwaite
Cant.

In Vraniam *Iohannis Taylor.*

IN sport I hitherto haue told thy fame,
But now thy Muse doth merit greater Name:
Soares high to Heau'n, from earth and water flies,
And leauing baser matters, mounts the skies.
Where hidden knowledge, she doth sweetly sing
Careleſse of each inferiour common thing.
Oh that my Soule could follow her in this,
To shun fowle sin, and seeke eternall bliſſe,
Hir strength growes great, and may God euer send
Me to amend my faults, as she doth mend.

Robert Branthwaite.

To the honeſt Sculler
Iohn Taylor.

THe water Nimphs that do the Thames frequent
(The deareſt daughters of the *Driads* old)
Concluded once, with one combyn'd conſent
A day of Sacrifice abroad to hold.
With which they did old *Inachus* ſo pleaſe
(The God of Riuers, Fountaines, Wells, & Springs:)
That he to giue his ſacred Nimphes ſome eaſe
Inuites the Muſes to their offerings.
For which, agreed it was by all the Nine,
That ſince ſo well the watry Dames did ſing:
Some one of theirs, with power moſt deuine
They would inſpire, as Guerdon of the thing.
Then chuſ'd they thee, and on thy nimble braine
Pow'rd out a draught of Heliconian wine:
Which when *Apollo* ſaw, he did refraine
To guide the light, and with a ſharpe Ingine
He crown'd his daughters gifts, and with a Bay,
That then was twinde about his golden haire
Which he from his belou'd had pluck'd that day
He wreath'd thy browes, and bad thee that to weare.
Since when thy Muſe aſpir'd to things deuine,
Still grac'd by *Phœbus*, and the Siſters nine.

Henry Sherlye.

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To my honeſt friend
Iohn Taylor.

WHat ſhall I ſay, kind Friend, to let thee know
How worthily I do this worke eſteeme:
Whereof I thinke I cannot too much deeme
From which I finde a world of wit doth flow.
The poore vnpoliſht praiſe I can beſtow
Vpon this well deſeruing worke of thine,
Which here I freely offer at thy Shrine
Is like a Taper, when the Sunne doth ſhow,
Or bellowes helpe for *Eol's* breath to blow,
For thou as much haſt ſoard beyond the ſtraine,
Whereto our common Muſes do attaine
As *Cinthyaes* light exceeds the wormes that glow.
And were my Muſe repleat with learned phraiſe,
The world ſhould know thy work deſerueth praiſe.

Thine in the beſt of friendſhip,

Richard Leigh.

To

To the Author *Iohn Taylor.*

WAſt euer knowne to any time before,
That ſo much skill in Poeſie could be
Th' attendant to a Skull, or painefull oare,
Thou liu'ſt in water, but the fire in thee;
That mounting Element, that made thee chuſe
To Court Vrania, *the diuineſt Muſe.*
Row on: to water-men did neuer blow
A gale ſo good, none ſo much goodneſſe know.

Thomas Brewer.

To my freind Iohn Taylor.

ROw on (*good Water-man*) and looke backe ſtill
(Thus as thou do'ſt) vpon the *Muſes Hill*,
To guide thee in thy *courſe*: Thy *Boate's a Sphære*
Where thine *Vrania* moues *diuinely-cleere*.
Well haſt thou *Plyd'e*, and (with thy *learned Oare*)
Cut through a Riuer, to a nobler *ſhore*
Then euer any *landed-at*. Thy *ſaile*
(Made all of *clowdes*) ſwells with a proſp'rous *gale*.
Some ſay, there is a *Ferryman* of *Hell*,
The *Ferryman* of *Heau'n*, I now know well,

And

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And that's thy Selfe, transporting *Soules* to *blisse*,
VRANIA sits at *Helme* and *Pilot* is;
For *Thames*, thou hast the *lactea via* found,
Be thou with *bayes* (as that with *starres* is) crown'd.

Thomas Dekker.

To the Vnderstander.

SEe heere the Pride and Knowledge of a Sayler,
His sprit saile, fore saile, main saile, & his Mizzē;
A poore fraile man God *wot, I know none frailer:*
I know for Sinners, Christ *is dead, and rizen.*
I know no greater sinner then Iohn Taylor
Of all his Death did Ransome out of Prizzen,
And therefore heere's my Pride, if it be Pride,
To know Christ, *and to know him Crucifide.*

Thine in all humilitie

Iohn Taylor.

TAYLORS
VRANIA.

(1)

ETernall *God* which in thine armes do'ſt Graſpe
All paſt, all preſent, and all future things:
And in ineuitable doome doſt claſpe
The liues and deaths of all that dies and ſprings,
And at the doomefull day will once vnhaſpe
Th' acuſing booke of Subiects and of Kings.
In whom though ending nor beginning be,
Let me (*ô Lord*) beginne and end in thee.

(2)

All cogitations vaine from me remooue,
And clenſe my earthly and polluted heart:
Inſpire me with thy bleſſings from aboue,
That (to thy honour) I with Artleſſe Art
May ſing thy *Iuſtice*, *Mercy*, and thy *Loue*;
Poſſeſſe me with thy *Grace* in euery part
That no profane word iſſue from my pen
But to the *Glorie* of thy name; *Amen*.

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(3)

I do beſeech thee, Gracious louing father
Reiect me not in thy ſharpe iudging Ire:
But in thy multitude of *mercies* Rather
Recall me to thee, *Recolect* me Nigher,
My wandring Soule into thy boſome Gather
And with thy *Grace* my *graceleſſe* heart Inſpire,
Dictate vnto my minde what it may thinke,
Write with thy *ſpirit* what I may write with *inke*.

(4)

Thou all things *waſt* eu'n then when nothing *was*,
And then, thou *all* things did'ſt of *nothing* make:
Of nothing *All* thou ſtill haſt brought to paſſe,
And all againe, to *nothing* muſt betake.
When *ſea* ſhall burne, and *land* ſhall melt like *braſſe*
When *hills* ſhall tremble, and the *mountaines* quake,
And when the world to *Chaos* turnes againe,
Then thou Almighty *All*, ſhalt *all* remaine.

And

(5)

And since this vniuersall massie *ball*
This *earth*, this *aire*, this *water*, and this *fire*,
Must to a *ruine* and a period *fall*
And *all* againe to *nothing* must retire:
Be thou to me my onely *All* in *All*,
Whose *loue* and *mercy* neuer shall expire.
In thee I place my *treasure* and my *trust*
Where *Felon* cannot steale, or canker *rust*.

(6)

All things (but only *God*) at first began,
The vncreated *God*, did all *Create*:
In him Alone is equall will and can
Who hath no ending, or commencing date.
To whose *Eternitie* all time's a span
Who was, is, shalbe, euer in one state.
All else to nothing howerly doth decline
And onely standes vpon support *diuine*.

(7)

Our high *Creator* our first Parents *form'd*,
And did inspire them with his heau'nly spirit:
Our Soules seducer (*Sathan*) them *deform'd*
And from *Gods* fauour did them disinherit:
Our blest *Redeemer* them againe *reform'd*
And ransom'd them by his vnbounded merit.
Thus were they *form'd*, *deform'd*, *reform'd* againe
By *God*, by *Sathan*, and our *Saiours* paine.

(8)

Mans *Generation* did from God proceed
A mortall Body, and a Soule Eternall:
Degeneration was the Deuils deed,
With false delusions and with lies infernall:
Regeneration was our Sauiours meede
Whose death did satisfie the wrath supernall.
Thus was *man found*, and *lost*, and *lost* was *found*
By *Grace*; with *Glory* euer to be *crownd*.

(9)

Man was *produc'de*, *ſeduced*, and *reduc'de*
By *God*, by *Sathan*, and by *God* agen:
From good to ill, from ill he was excuſd'e
By merit of th' immortall man of men.
The vnpolluted bloud from him was ſhed'de
To ſaue vs from damnations dreadfull den.
Thus man was *made*, and *marde*, and *better made*,
By him who did *ſinne*, *death*, and *hell* inuade.

(10)

Let man conſider then but what he is,
And contemplate on what he erſt hath bin:
How firſt he was created heyre of bliſſe,
And how he fell to be the Childe of ſinne;
How (of himſelfe) he howerly doth amiſſe,
And how his beſt workes do no merit winne,
Except acceptance make them be eſteem'd
Through his obedience that our Soules redeem'd.

Before

(11)

Before thou *wast*, remember thou wast *nought*,
And out of *nought* (or *nothing*) thou wast *fram'de*:
And how thy Body being made and wrought
By God, was with a liuing Soule inflam'de:
And how th' eternall *Nomenclator* taught
Thee name all Creatures that were euer nam'de.
And made thee Stuard of the worlds whole treasure
And plac'de thee in a paradice of pleasure.

(12)

Then wast thou *Viceroy* to the King of heau'n,
And great Lieuetenant to the Lord of hosts:
The rule of all things vnto thee was giu'n,
At thy command all creatures seru'd like posts
To come or go, and at thy becke were driu'n
Both neere and farre, vnto the farthest coasts.
God all things made, as seruants vnto thee
Because thou only shouldst his seruant be.

(13)

He gaue *life* vnto *herbes*, to *plants*, and *trees*,
For if they wanted life, how could they grow?
A beast hath *life* and *sence*, moues, feeles, and sees,
And in some sort doth good and euill know:
But man's before all Creatures in degrees
God *life*, and *sence*, and *reason* did bestow.
And least those blessings should be transitory
He gaue him *life*, *sence*, *reason*, *grace*, and *glory*.

(14)

Then let our meditations scope be most
How at the first we were created good:
And how we (wilfull) Grace and goodnes lost
And of the sonnes of God were Sathans broode.
Then thinke the price, that our redemption cost
Th' eternall sonne of Gods most precious bloud.
Remember this whilst *life* and *sence* remaine,
Else *life*, and *sence*, and *reason* are in vaine.

(15)

Thou to requite thy God that all thee gaue
Ingratefully againſt him didſt rebell:
Whereby from Regall ſtate, thou turnedſt ſlaue,
And heau'nly Iuſtice, doomb'd thee downe to hell.
As thy rebellion from thy God thee draue,
So 'gainſt thee all things to rebellion fell.
For when to heau'n thy due obedience ceaſt,
Thy diſobedience taught each brutiſh beaſt.

(16)

Now ſee thy miſerable wretched ſtate,
Thou and the *earth* is eake with thee accurſt:
All worldly things, which thee obaide of late,
In ſtiffe commotion now againſt thee burſt:
And thou for euer droue from *Eden* gate
To liue an exilde wretch, and which is worſt
Thy ſoule, (*Gods darling*) fell from her preferment,
To be the *Deuils* thrall, in endleſſe torment.

17 But

(17)

But *Mercies ſea*, hath quenched *Iuſtice fire*,
And *Heau'ns* high heyre (in pittie of mans eaſe)
In perſon came, and ſatisfide Gods ire,
And *Graceleſſe* man new Repoſſeſt in *Grace*.
The ſonne of God came downe, to raiſe vs higher
To make vs Glorious, he himſelfe made baſe.
To draw vs vp, downe vnto earth he came,
And honor'd vs, by putting on our ſhame.

(18)

Who can conceiue the Glory he was in
Aboue the *heau'n of heau'ns*, inthroan'd in bliſſe?
Who can conceiue the *loſſe* that he did *winne*
To rectifie, and anſwere our amiſſe?
Who can conceiue the Mountaines of our ſinne
That muſt be hid with ſuch a ſea as this?
No *heart*, no *tongue*, no *pen* of mortall wight
Theſe things can once *conceiue*, or *ſpeake*, or *write*.

(19)

Man may collect th' abundance of his vice
And the deare loue his God to him did beare,
In thinking on th' ineſtimable price
Was paide his ſinne polluted ſoule to cleare.
To gaine him an immortall paradice
And to Redeeme his foes to pay ſo deare.
For if our *ſinnes* had not been more then much
The *ranſome* of them ſure had not been ſuch.

(20)

The bloud of any mightie mortall King
Was inſufficient this great debt to pay:
Arch-angels power, or *Angels* could not bring
A Ranſome worth forbearance but a day;
The only ſonne of God muſt do this thing
Elſe it muſt be vndone, and we for aie.
God was the Creditor, and *man* the debter
Chriſt (*God* & *man*) did pay, none could pay better

(21)

Then ſince thy ſinfull Soule from *Grace* was loſt,
And ſince by *Grace* it hath found *Grace* againe:
Since being loſt ſo Great a price it loſt
T'enfranchiſe it from euerlaſting paine
And ſince thy crimes are quit, thy debts are croſt
Thy peace with God, the way to heau'n made plain
Let not all this in vaine for thee be done
But thankfull be to *God*, through *Chriſt* his ſonne.

(22)

Forget not thou art *aſhes*, *earth*, and *duſt*,
And that from whence thou cam'ſt, thou ſhalt againe
And at the laſt trump that appeare thou muſt
When *Procſeys* and *Eſſoynes* are all in vaine:
Where *iuſt* and *vniuſt*, ſhall haue iudgement *iuſt*,
For euer doomb'd to endleſſe ioy or paine.
Where though that thou be damb'd it is *Gods* glory,
Thy *wife*, thy *Sonne*, thy *Sire*, will not be ſorry.

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(23)

Methinks it ſhould make *man* this world to *loath*
When that which will a thouſand *cloath* and *feede*:
It ſhould but onely one man *feede* and *cloath*
In *fares exceſſe*, and *gorgeouſneſſe* of *weede*,
Yet this braue *canker*, this *conſuming mouth*
(Who in his life ne're meanes to do good deede)
Muſt be adorn'd for thoſe good parts he wants
By fearefull Fooles, and flattering Sichophants.

(24)

Hath he the title of an earthly *grace*?
Or hath he *Honor*, *Lordſhip*, *Worſhip*? or
Hath he in *Court* ſome great commanding place?
Or hath he *wealth* to be regarded for?
If with theſe *honors*, *vertue* he embrace
Then loue him; elſe his puckfoiſt pompe abhorre.
„ *Sun-ſhine on dung-hills makes them ſtinke the more,*
„ *And honor ſhewes all that was hid before.*

(25)

Shall men giue Reu'rence to a *painted trunke*
That's nothing but all *outside*, and *within*
Their ſenſes are with blacke damnation drunke,
Whoſe heart is Sathans *Tap-houſe*, or his *Inne*.
Whoſe Reputation inwardly is ſunke,
Though outwardly raiſd vp, and ſwolne with ſin.
I thinke it worſe then to adore the Deuill,
To worſhip his baſe Inſtruments of euill.

(26)

No, looke vpon the *Man*, and not his *Caſe*,
See how he doth his Maker imitate:
If Grace *ſupernall*, giue *internall* Grace
That makes his minde on vertue *contemplate*.
That holds this world, and all things in't as baſe,
Knowes death makes happie, or *vnfortunate*.
That doth no wrong, for *Fauour*, *Gaine*, or *Feare*,
And layes on each, what each deſeru's to beare.

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(27)

Such men (no doubt) but few ſuch liuing are,
For they are *thickly ſow'd*, and *thinly grow'd*,
The pureſt *wheat* is mixed with the *Tare*,
The *humble minds*, are ſeruile to the *Prowd*.
Vice Reuells, and poore *Vertues* poore and bare,
Hypocriſie into the Church will crowd.
So man muſt more then humane wit poſſeſſe
T'eſcape the baites and ſnares of wickedneſſe.

(28)

The *Atheiſt* of the Scriptures can diſpute,
That one would deeme him a Religious man:
The *Temporizer* to the *Time* will ſute,
Although his *Zeale* be *Machiuillian*.
Then there's a *Faith* that ſeldom yeelds good fruit,
And though *impure*, is calld a *Puritan*.
A thouſand *Sects* in *thouſand Proteus* ſhapes
Are *Times* true turne-coats, and *Religious Apes*.

(29)

The greateſt plague, that euer came from Hell
Is to be *puft* and *ſtuft* with ſelfe-conceit:
When men too *Ill*, eſteeme themſelues too *well*,
When ouer-valued worth proues light in weight,
When *Selfe-loue* and *Ambition* makes vs ſwell
Aboue the limits of Diſcretions height.
When the poore *Iay*, diſplaies his borrowed *plumes*,
And man (vnfeeling ſin) to ſinne preſumes.

(30)

But if thy featherd pride, *Icarian*-high
Doth *ſoare* too farre aboue true Reaſons bownd:
Th'eternall Sunne thy *waxen wings* will frie,
Thy fatall *Fall*, thy *Folly* ſhall *confownd*.
Who (like that Cretian) mounts ambitiouſly,
In *Seas* of *ſorrow* ſhall (like him) be drownd.
By pride the *Caldean Monarchie* decreaſt,
A *King* (the beſt of men) was made a *Beaſt*.

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(31)

The ſtate of *Man* may be compared well
Vnto a *Kingdom gouern'd well or Ill:*
For if his *Rule* and *Policie* excell,
His *Reaſon* (like a Queene) commands his will.
But if ſeditious *Paſſions* do rebell,
They *Reaſons* Court with all diſorder fill,
And ouer-run hir careleſſe Common-wealth,
With *murder, fraud, oppreſſion, whoredome, ſtealth.*

(32)

The *Sences* are this Kingdoms Court of *Guarde*
To keep their Queene ſecure from terrene treaſon:
Great is the truſt and faſtie of this warde
Whilſt they giue true Intelligence to *Reaſon:*
But if this *Guard* their duties not regard
And miſ-informe their *Queene* at any ſeaſon;
Then *right* for *wrong*, and *wrong* for *right* ſheele con-
And in hir Apprehenſion proues a *Monſter.* (ſter,

(33)

The *Hearing*, *Sight*, the *Taſte*, the *Smell*, and *Touch*,
If *Vices* do preſent themſelues for *obiects* :
And they (incredulous) not deeme them ſuch,
Informing *Reaſon* that they are good Subiects;
If *Reaſons* iudgment be not *more* then *much*
She entertaines for *Worthies* theſe baſe *Abiects* :
Who ſpoyle hir *Court*, and breake hir *Kingdoms*
And turne her *State*, & *Glory* into *ſhame*. (frame,

(34)

The *Appetite*, the *Fancie*, and the *Will*
(Spirituall *Faculties*) are *Reaſons* Peeres :
Who (of themſelues) do counſell all things ill
Not knowing what is true, but what appeares :
If ſhe attend, what only they inſtill,
She takes in meere deluſions through hir eares :
And they at laſt will thruſt hir from hir *Throne*,
And then (*vſurping Rebells*) ſit thereon.

Theſe

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(35)

Theſe *Vaſſals* hauing got the Regall ſway,
Inforce the *Commons* which are the *Affections*,
Their hatefull helliſh precepts to obay,
With promiſe of their fauours and protections:
Th' *Affections* all agree, and all do pay
Theſe *Miſcreants* their *tributes* and *ſubiections*.
And now is *Reaſon* baniſht, and they threat
She ne're ſhall gaine *againe* hir awfull ſeat.

(36)

Th'vſurping *Heart*, ſometimes doth raigne as *King*,
Sometimes the *Braine* is Counſeller of State:
The *Eyes* and *Eares*, Intelligence do bring,
The *Tongue*, (as Herald) tydings doth relate.
The *Hands* and *Feet* do execute each thing,
Which theſe *intruding Tyrants* loue or hate.
And euery *Member* plaies a painfull part
To ſerue a ſwimming *Braine*, and ſwelling *Heart*.

(37)

The *Fancie* (like an *Ape*) skips to, and fro,
Begins a thousand things, and endeth none:
Makes, marrs, *forbids*, and bids, *no*, yea, *yea*, no,
Doe, and *vndoe*, hold fast, and *let alone*:
Run, *stay*; vp, *downe*, stand, *fall*, go, *come*, come, *go*,
Sad, glad, *mad*, wittie, *foolish*, mirth and *mone*.
Thus *Fancie* doth in *Apish* toyes delight
To serue the greedie maw of *Appetite*.

(38)

And *Appetite* (as doth *a big woomb'd Dame*)
Lusts, longs, desires, and must haue this and that:
Hearbs, *roots*, *fruits*, *flowres*, *Fish*, *Fowle*, *Beasts* wilde &
She must & wil haue, wel she knowes not what: (tame
Whilst *Fancie*, and *Imagination* frame
Themselues more nimbly then a *mowzing Cat*.
Still searching what the *Appetite* desires,
Superfluous *meats*, *drinks*, *bables*, and *attires*.

The

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(39)

The *Memorie* Lord Keeper of the Treasure,
And great *Recorder* of this world of dust:
The *Vnderstanding* giues true *Iustice* measure
To *Good*, to *Bad*, to *Iust*, and to *Vniust*;
Inuention and *Remembrance*, waite the leasure
Of *Memorie*, and *Vnderstanding* must
Haue *Wisdom* for hir fellow, and hir guide,
Else *Prince*, and *Peeres*, and *Commons* stray aside.

(40)

Truth, and false *Lying*, on the *Tongue* attends;
The one instructs hir plainly in the *Truth*,
The others proper, and improper ends
Doth teach to *lye*, and vouch it with an oath:
The *Tongue*, loues one of these, yet both contends
But she wants entertainment for them both.
At last she takes in *Lying* for hir Page,
And bids *Truth* walke, a beggers *Pilgrimage*.

When

(41)

When *Wiſdom*, muſt giue *Follie* cap and knee,
When hare-braind *Will*, o're *Wit* doth rule & raigne
When *Lying*, ſhall make *Truth* regardles be,
When *Loue* is paide with *hatred* and *diſdaine*:
When *Senſe* and *Appetite* do all agree
To ſerue a falſe rebellious *heart* and *braine*;
When they haue *Reaſons* Court, thus vnderminde,
It is a ſigne that *Underſtanding's* blinde.

(42)

Then is the place where *Vertue* had abode
Made a fowle Rendeuouz for filthy *Vice*:
The Temple of the holy Spirit of God
Eſteemes his bleſſed preſence of no price.
Man ſpurns againſt his iuſt reuenging Rod
Worſe then the Iewes, that for his Coat caſt *Dice*.
Men falne into a reprobated Sence
Dread not their Makers great Omnipotence.

Then

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(43)

Then what art thou, poluted earthly *clod*,
Thou *ſpan*, thou *froth*, thou *bubble*, and thou *ſmoke*:
Worſe then the *duſt*, that vnder-foot is trod,
Dar'ſt thou thy *Makers* furie to prouoke?
Why wilt thou (wilfull) thy perdition plod,
And with *damnation* thy *ſalvation* choke?
Chriſt bought thy Soule, and lent it thee to vſe it,
Tis none of thine; and therefore not abuſe it.

(44)

Dar'ſt thou profane with thy vngodly breath
His Name, that did (before the world) elect thee?
Dar'ſt thou, dare him his Iuſtice ſword t'vnſheath?
Dar'ſt thou prouoke his mercy to reiect thee?
Dar'ſt thou run headlong to perpetuall death,
Whereas eternall torments ſhall correct thee?
And dar'ſt thou (wretched worme) of earthly race,
Belch blaſphemie againſt thy *Makers* Grace.

He

(45)

He thou offendeſt is the *King* of *Kings*,
Heau'n, *Earth* and *Hell* do tremble at his frowne:
Bright *Angells* and *Archangells* alwaies ſings
Before the ſeat of his immortall Crowne:
His foes to fell confuſion downe he flings,
He giues his ſeruants Honor and Renowne.
His power's not circumſcribed here, or there,
But *All in All*, is All, and euery where.

(46)

Can nothing moue thy *flinty heart* to Ruthe,
That of thy ſelfe thou ſome remorſe wouldſt take;
And not to ſpend thy beauty, ſtrength, and youth
To ſerue the Sou'raigne of the Stigian Lake:
Say not, to morrow, thou wilt ſeeke the truth,
And when ſin leaues thee, thou wilt ſin forſake.
When thou no more (through weaknes) canſt of-
Then *lame*, *old*, *rotten*, thou wilt *God* attend. (fēd,

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(47)

When hoary haire, and blood all frozen chill,
When eyes waxe dim, and limbs are weake & lame:
And that no more thy rash rebellious will
Cannot performe vile deeds of sinne and shame:
When thou hast lost thy strength to do more ill,
Then vnto Heau'n, thy minde thou 'ginst to frame.
Thy youth in *Sathans* seruiee being spent,
In age thou thinkst on *God*, and dost repent.

(48)

Suppose a man that's much ingag'd to thee
Hath a good *Horse*, which thou dost much desire:
Thou offrest for him thrice his worth, to be
The Master of this *Beast* thou dost require:
But this ingratefull wretch will not agree
To giue, to sell him thee, or let thee hire,
But lets him (all his youth) be rid by those
Who are thy spightfull, and thy mortall foes.

And

(49)

And when hee's *leane*, and *old*, and *lame*, and *blinde*,
Gall'd, *foundred*, *filthy*, wanting no diſeaſe:
Botts, *Glaunders*, *Spauin*, broken in his winde,
Not a tooth left to mumpe on *beanes* and *peaſe*:
Then this Companion, (moſt vnkindly kinde)
Will let thee haue this *Palfraie*, if thou pleaſe,
If now (paſt good) thou ſcorneſt to receiue him,
Heele flay his skin off, and the dogs ſhal haue him.

(50)

Betwixt thy *God* and thee, ſuch is the caſe:
When thou art *young*, *ſtrong*, *ſound of winde and lim*,
Thy ſoule and bodie ſhuns his heau'nly Grace,
Thou wilt not ſerue thy *God*, nor waite on him:
But (heedles) headlong runn'ſt a helliſh race
Till age hath brought thee to the graues hard brim.
Then (being clog'd with ſin, diſeaſd and foule)
Thou offreſt *God* thy body and thy ſoule.

(51)

But doſt thou thinke he is at thy Command,
Or that his mercy muſt attend thy leaſure?
Or doſt thou thinke thou canſt in Iudgment ſtand
And ſcape the Iuſtice of his high diſpleaſure?
Or doſt thou thinke that his Almighty hand
Is ſhortned? or that his ſupernall pleaſure
Regards not how the Sonnes of Men do liue?
Or that without Repentance hee'le forgiue?

(52)

Sly *Sathans* Rage is almoſt at an end,
And well he knowes his dominations ſtint;
He therefore now doth all his *Engins* bend
To *batter* and *confound* our fleſhly Fort;
He and his Miniſters do all attend
To draw vs to his *damn'd* infernall *Court*.
For if he looſe our ſoules at lateſt caſt
Twill be too late when all his power is paſt.

And

(53)

And therefore now he plots his diuelliſh drifts
To ſeparate vs from our God ſo louing:
In making vs vnthankfull for his gifts,
And by our heynous ſins his Anger mouing,
Whilſt wings of *Faith* our prayers vpwards lifts
To praiſe our *Maker* (as is beſt behouing.)
Then *Sathan* kills our Zeale, and vnawares
We are intangled in vile worldly ſnares.

(54)

God made enough, all men to ſatisfie,
Yet not enough to giue one Man content:
For he that had the worlds whole ſoueraigntie
Would couet for a further continent.
Ambitious thirſt of fading *Dignitie*
(As though they were for euer permanent)
Doth baniſh Loue, and euery heau'nly Motion,
Blinds all our *Zeale*, and murders our *Deuotion*.

(55)

Tis truly writ in many a thouſand ſtorie,
And thouſand thouſand ſheets of blotted paper
Declares how terrene things are tranſitorie,
Incertaine certaine, waſting like a *Taper*.
How froathy painted *Pompe*, and gaudie *Glory*
When leaſt we thinke doth vaniſh like a *vaper*.
Experience teacheth this, and truth bewraies it,
And various humane accidents diſplaies it.

(56)

To day great *Dives* in a purple coate
With *Epicurian* Apetite doth feed:
His cups with wine do ouerflow and floate,
His baggs with *quoyne*, his heart from feare is freed,
And on the *world*, and *wealth* doth only dote
(As if his *death*, his *life* ſhould not ſucceed.)
He loues himſelfe, himſelfe loues him agen,
And liu's a hated wretch, of *God* and *Men*.

Nor

(57)

Nor *ſtone*, or *dropſie*, or the groaning *Gowt*
Can make him with his *Wealth* to liue in hate,
He (maugre paine) takes pleaſure to finde out
New *Proiects* to increaſe his too great *ſtate*;
To marry *muck* to *muck*, he caſts about,
And neuer dreames of his expiring date,
Vntill he heare the fatall bell to towle,
And *Hell* ſtand gaping to deuoure his *Soule*.

(58)

I'haue heard of an extortionizing *Curr*,
That hath bin numbd and ſenceles, as a logg;
Who neither *limbe*, or *leg*, or *ioynt* could ſturr,
But on his death-bed grunting like a *Hog*:
And almoſt ſpeechles with his ratling *Murr*,
Yet care of *Coyne* his conſcience did ſo clogg,
That not a thought of Heau'n he could afford,
But *ten i'the hundred* was his lateſt word.

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(59)

Thus *Gold* that ſhould be captiue vnto all
Doth captiuate his Keeper, as a ſlaue:
Who like an *Idoll* doth before it fall,
And neuer meanes another *God* to haue.
And when Heau'ns Purſiuant, *grim-Death*, doth call
To warne him to his vn-a-voyded Graue,
Vntill his Iawes be *cram'd*, and *ram'd* with *mold*
Hee'le ſpeake or (ſpeechles) make a ſigne for *gold*.

(60)

We ought no formed Creature to adore,
Or frame will-worſhip in our idle braine:
Nor of the *Angells* muſt we ought implore,
For *Man* and *Angells* help is all but vaine;
Yet pur-blind *Auarice* ſtill gapes for more,
And makes his *Mammonitiſh God* his Gaine:
He playes the *Bawd*, his money is the *Whore*,
Whilſt it breeds *Baſtards*, he doth hold the *dore*.

He

(61)

He thinks his life *Angelicall*, becauſe
Amongſt the *Angells* he doth ſpend his time:
And *Royall* he will be, for in his pawes
The *Royalls* are inſnarde like birds in lime:
And with his *Nobles* he ordeineth lawes,
That baſe extortion ſhall not be a crime.
He *marks* how *Kingdoms*, *Prouinces*, and *Townes*
Are ouer-ruled by his curſed *Crownes*.

(62)

But if he note his *Angells*, what they be;
Not *heau'nly*, nor yet thoſe from *Heau'n* that fell:
But they are in a *third*, and worſe degree
Dumb damned ſenceles, miniſters of *Hell*.
They cannot ſmell, or feele, taſte, heare, or ſee,
And thouſand times be'ng told, yet cannot tell.
Th'ar lock'd, and barr'd, and bolted vp in thrall,
Which ſhewes their Nature not *Angelicall*.

(63)

His *Royalls* doth not *Royallize* himſelfe,
Or make him better then he is or was,
In ſpight of all his ill got canker'd *Pelfe*,
Hee's but a miſerable golden *Aſſe*:
The *Deuills* deere darling, a moſt hatefull *Elfe*,
Which as *Hells* Factor on the *Earth* doth paſſe.
Were euery haire about him made a *Royall*
He were a Wretch, to *God* and *Men* diſloyall.

(64)

His *Nobles* no way doth *enoble* him,
Their Counſell cannot mend his *Raſcall* minde:
His hart's *obdurate*, and his eyes are dim
To thinke or ſee, t'ward good to be inclinde.
Hee'le venter ſoule and body, life and lim
To ſcrape and ſcratch what he muſt leaue behinde.
His *Nobles* thus, *ignobly* make him liue,
And headlong to the *Deuill*, their Maſter driue.

Amongſt

(65)

Amongſt his *Marks* he neuer *marketh* how
He ſpends, or lends, or giues, his ill got ſtore:
He *marks* to make it multiply and growe,
And for the vſe of Fiſtie takes a ſcore.
He neuer dreads *Heau'ns* dreadfull angry browe,
But daily grinds the faces of the poore.
Let vengeance thunder, and let *Hells dog* barke,
Amongſt his *Marks*, of Grace he hath no *marke*.

(66)

And though a world of *Crownes* are in his hand,
For euery *Crowne* might he a *Kingdom* haue,
His ſtate no better (in my minde) ſhould ſtand
Then a *rich Begger*, or a *kingly Slaue*.
He ſhould his *Crownes*, and they not him command
They (Vaſſall-like) ſhould do what he ſhould craue.
Lo thus the *Crownes* their *Soueraigne* ouerſwayes,
They Rule and *Raigne*, he like a *Slaue* obayes.

Thus

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(67)

Thus *Angells* to a *Catiffe*, are a curſe,
His *Royalls* makes his *baſenes* far more *baſe*:
His *Nobles*, his *ignoble* minde make worſe;
His *Marks*, are *marks* and figures of diſgrace:
His *Crownes* vſurpeth in his Niggard purſe,
And in his heart Contentment hath no place.
For *Angells*, *Royalls*, *Nobles*, *Marks* and *Crownes*
Can put no vertue, in the minds of *Clownes*.

(68)

The onely *ſlaue* of *ſlaues*, is Moneyes *ſlaue*,
He pines in *plenty*, ſtaru's amidſt his ſtore:
Dies *liuing*, and doth *liue* as in a Graue,
In wealthy-*want*, and in abundance *poore*:
The Goods he hath, he badly doth *depraue*,
And only cares how he may purchaſe more.
For he himſelfe cannot afford himſelfe
A good meales meat, for waſting of his *pelfe*.

His

(69)

His feare's his *wealth*, his torment his *delight*,
His Conſcience *foule*, affrightfull is his *ſleep*:
His hopes *diſpaire*, his mirth in ſadnes dight,
His ioyes are *Cares*, what he hath got to keep:
His Reſt, is reſtles vnreſt day and night,
And in a ſea of *Melancholie* deep.
Amidſt his large poſſeſſiions liu's in lack,
And dies in debt to's belly and his back.

(70)

Me thinks I heare a *Miſer-Churle* obiect,
None railes at *Wealth*, but thoſe which liue in want:
The idle *Graſhopper* cannot affect
The toyleſom labors of the frugall *Ant*:
The *Prodigall* by no meanes will be checkt
So much as when his Purſes linings ſcant.
The *Fox* doth ſcorne the *Grapes*, but wot you why?
Becauſe out of his reach, they hang too high.

(71)

So doth a ſort of poore and needie Hyndes,
The ſcum and dregs, of euery Common-wealth:
The *ſhakerag-ſhaghaird* crew, whoſe boundles minds
Muſt be ſupplide with *ſhifting*, or by *ſtealth*.
Like ſick men, when their paines their *Reaſon* blinds
They enuy all men that are well in health.
So doth a ſwarme of *drones*, and idle *mates*
Reuile and enuie at our happy ſtates.

(72)

But let them *ſtorme*, and *raile*, and *curſe*, and *ſweare*,
Within our coffers, we will keep the *Gold*:
Let them themſelues, themſelues in peeces teare,
What we haue got with toyle, with care wee'le hold.
What is't doth men to Reputation reare
But when their goods and wealth growes manifold.
We care not then let needy *Raſcalls* raile
Till *Tyburne* eat them, or ſome *loathſom layle*.

Thus

(73)

Thus doth a *Wretch* his thirſt of Gaine excuſe,
And makes his bad trade good with ſhow of thrift:
Himſelfe, (continuall) with himſelfe doth muſe
Vpon ſome purchaſe, or ſome gaining drift;
And as a *Hog*, his downeward lookes do vſe
To poare, and not aloft his eyes to lift.
He takes *Heau'ns* fruit, and hoordeth vp the ſame,
And ne're remembers *God*, from whence it came.

(74)

But fill thy baggs, till they are ouer-filld,
And empt thy conſcience more, (if more thou can)
Raiſe higher rents, and let thy Land be till'd,
And tell thy ſelfe thou art a happy man.
Pull downe thy Barnes, and boaſting bigger build,
As if thy bleſſed ſtate were new began.
Then comes a voyce, with horror and affright,
Thou foole Ile fetch away thy ſoule this night.

(75)

And tell me then, who ſhall theſe Goods poſſeſſe
That thou haſt damn'd thy Selfe to purchaſe them?
Who ſhall be heire to all thy vaine exceſſe,
For which thy *Soule*, that *deere* (too deere) bought
In hazard is, of endles wretchednes (lem,
Be'ing baniſht from the new *Ieruſalem*.
The Goods are Ill, that doth the world controule,
Whoſe curſed Gaine, doth loſe the Owners ſoule.

(76)

What's in the world ſhould make men wiſh to liue,
If men could well conſider what it is:
What in the world that happines can giue
Which is not drownd in ſorrowes blacke Abiſs?
What Goods in the world can a man achieue,
But woe and miſerie, o'rewhelms his bliſſe?
No pleaſures, or contentments ſtedfaſt are,
For all we can call Ours, is only Care.

(77)

I'haue ſeen a *Gallant*, mounted all in gold
Like *Alexander*, on *Bucephalus*:
The ground (in his conceit) too baſe to hold
Him whom the ſmiles of fortune fauours thus.
But in his height of heat, how ſoone hee's cold,
By death, ſnatch'd from his pompe, himſelfe, and vs.
His Name, and *Noble-Muſhrom*-fame forgot,
And all things (but his ſhame) muſt lye and rot.

(78)

The beauteous *Lady*, that appeares a *Saint*,
Of *Angells* forme, and *Heau'n* admired hue:
That can (by *Art*) defectiue Nature paint,
And make *falſe* colours to the eye ſeeme *true*:
Yet Death at laſt, hir brau'ry doth attaint,
And (ſpight *hir* Art) ſhe muſt pay *Natures* due.
The rareſt *features*, and the faireſt *formes*
Muſt *dye* and *rot*, and be conſum'd with wormes.

(79)

Wealth, Beauty, as they are *abuſde* or *vſde*
They make the owners either *curſt* or *bleſt*:
As *Good* or *Ill*, is in the minde infuſde
They adde a ioyfull *reſt*, or woes *vnreſt*:
To vſe them well th'are *bleſt*, but if abuſde
Thy *God* doth thee and them loath and deteſt:
And turns his bleſſings, which ſhold moſt cõtẽt thee,
To dreadfull curſings which ſhal ſtill torment thee.

(80)

Seek then Heau'ns kingdom, & things that are right,
And all things elſe ſhall be vpon thee caſt:
Thy daies of foy ſhall neuer turne to night,
Thy bleſſed ſtate ſhall euerlaſting laſt.
Liue ſtill, as euer in thy Makers ſight,
And let Repentance purge thy vices paſt.
Remember thou muſt drink of deaths ſharp cup,
And of thy Stuardſhip account giue vp.

Hadſt

(81)

Had'ſt thou the beautie of faire *Abſolon*,
Or did thy ſtrength the ſtrength of *Sampſon* paſſe:
Or could thy wiſdom match wiſe *Salomon*,
Or might thy riches *Creſſus* wealth ſurpaſſe;
Or were thy pompe beyond great *Babylon*
(The proudeſt Monarchie that euer was,)
Yet *Beauty*, *Wiſdom*, *Riches*, *Strength*, and *State*,
Age, *Death*, and *Time*, will *ſpoile* and *ruinate*.

(82)

Make of the *World*, no more then as it is,
A vale of *Cares*, of miſeries, and *woes*:
Thinke of it, as the ſinke of all amiſſe
That blinds our Sences with deceiuing ſhowes:
Account it as a den of balefull bliſſe
The which (vnthought of) all eſtates o'rethrowes.
How *Sathan* in it beares a Lordly ſway,
And how none but his ſubiects it obay.

(83)

And whilſt thou runn'ſt this tranſitorie race,
Vſe well the bleſſings *God* to thee hath ſent:
Do *Good* with them whilſt thou haſt time and ſpace,
And know they are but things vnto thee lent.
Know that thou muſt appeare before Gods face
To anſwer if they well, or ill be ſpent.
If thou haſt ſpent them well, then heau'n is thine,
If ill, th'art damn'd to hell, by doome diuine.

(84)

But ten times happy ſhall that Steward be,
Which at the laſt the *Lord* ſhall faithfull finde:
Heart, *tongue* or *eyes*, cannot *thinke*, ſpeake, or *ſee*
The glory that to him ſhall be aſſinde.
He ſhall out-paſſe the *Angells* in degree,
He ſhall out-ſhine all *Starrs* that euer ſhinde.
He ſhall for euer, and for euer ſing
Eternall praiſes to his God and King.

Vnto which *God* the *Father*, first and last,
Whose goodnes, all *conserv's*, preserv's, and *feeds*:
To *God* the *Sonne*, whose merits downeh ath cast
Sinne, *death*, and *hell*, (due vnto Sinners meeds.)
To thee ô *Holy Ghost*, that euer wast
The blessing that from Sire, and Sonne proceeds;
And to the vn-deuided *Three in One*
All Power, and Praise, and Glory be alone.

FINIS.

THE SEVERALL Sieges, Assaults, Sackings, and finall Destruction, of the famous, ancient, and memorable Citie of IERVSALEM.

Deuided into two parts.

By IOHN TAYLOR.

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TO THE TRVLY worthy, and right Worshipful IOHN MORAY Esquire, one of the Gentlemen of his Maiesties Royall Bed-chamber; Earths Honors and Heauens happines.

THis Booke, (Good Sir) the issue of my braine
Though far vnworthy of your worthy view,
Yet I in dutie offer it to you
In hope you Gently it will entertaine.
And though the Method and the Phrase be plaine,
Not Artlike writ, as to the stile is due,
Yet is it voide of any thing vntrue,
And truth I know your fauour shall obtaine.
The many fauours I from you haue had
Hath forc'd me thus to shew my thankfull minde:
And of all faults, I know no vice so bad
And hatefull, as ingratefully inclinde.
A thankfull Heart, is all a poore mans pelfe,
Which, (with this Booke) I giue your Worthy Selfe.

Your Worships, euer
most obliged

IOHN TAYLOR.

23806

The ſeuerall Sieges, Aſſaults, Sackings, and finall deſtruction of the *famous, ancient, and memorable Citie of* IERVSALEM.

THe *Iuſtice, Mercy*, and the *Might* I ſing
Of Heau'ns *iuſt, mercifull, almighty* KING.
By whoſe fore-knowledge all things were elected,
Whoſe power hath all things made, & all protected,
Whoſe *Mercies* flood hath quencht his *Iuſtice* flame,
Who was, is, ſhall be, one, and ſtill the ſame.
Who in the Prime, when all things firſt began,
Made all for Man, and for himſelfe made Man.
Made, not begotten, or of humane birth,
No Sire but *God*, no Mother but the *Earth*;
Who ne're knew Childhood, or the ſucking teate,
But at the firſt was made a man compleat.
Whoſe inward Soule, in *God-like* forme did ſhine
As Image of the Maieſtie diuine.
Whoſe ſupernaturall wiſdom, (beyond Nature)
Did name each ſenſible, and ſenceles creature,
And from whoſe *Star-like, Sand-like* Generation
Sprung euery *Kinred, Kingdom, Tribe*, and *Nation*.

All

23806

All people then, one Language ſpake alone,
Interpreters the world then needed none:
There liued then no learned deep *Grammarians*,
There were no *Turks*, no *Scithians*, no *Tartarians*;
Then all was one, and one was only all
The language of the vniuerſall *Ball*.
Then if a Traueller had gone as farre
As from the *Artick* to th' *Antartick* ſtarre,
If he from *Boreas* vnto *Auſter* went,
Or from the *Orient* to th' *Occident*,
Which way ſoeuer he did turne or winde
He had bin ſure his Countrey-man to finde.
One hundred, thirty winters ſince the Flood
The Earth one only Language vnderſtood:
Vntill the ſonne of *Cuſh*, the ſonne of *Cham*
A proud cloud-ſcaling Tower began to frame,
Truſting that if the world againe were drown'd
He in his loftie building might reſt ſound;
All future Floods, he purpoſd to preuent
Aſpiring to Heau'ns glorious Battlement.
But high *Iehouah*, with a puff was able
To make ambitious *Babell* but a bable.
(For what is man, that he ſhould dare reſiſt
The great Almightie's power, who in his fiſt
Doth gripe *Eternitie*, and when he pleaſe
Can make, and vnmake, Heau'n, and Earth, & Seas:)
For in their expectation of concluſion
He plag'd them all with ſundry Tongues confuſion.

Such

Such Gibriſh Gible Gable all did iangle,
Some laugh, ſome fret, all prate, all diffring wrangle;
One calls in *Hebrew* to his working Mate,
And he in Welch *Glough whee Comrage* doth prate.
Another gapes in *Engliſh*, or in *Scotch*,
And they are anſwer'd in the *French* or *Dutch*.
Caldaicke, *Siriacke*, and *Arabian*,
Greeke, *Latin*, *Tuſcan*, and *Armenian*,
The *Tranſiluanian*, and *Hungarian*,
The *Perſian*, and the rude *Barbarian*;
All theſe, and diuers more then I can number
Miſvnderſtanding tongues did there incumber.
Thus he that ſits in Heau'n their plots derided,
And in their height of pride, their tongues deuided.
For in this ſudden vnexpected change
The wife and husband, Sire and ſonne were ſtrange,
The Brother could not vnderſtand the Brother,
The Daughter ſtands amazed at hir Mother,
By euery one a ſeuerall part is acted,
And each vnto the other ſeems diſtracted.
Thus by the Iuſtice of the *Lord* of *Hoſts*
Each ſeuerall tongue was driu'n to ſeuerall coaſts,
And GOD (peculiar) to himſelfe did chuſe
His moſt beloued, yet hard-hearted *Iewes*.
Iehouahs honor with them then did dwell,
His Name was only knowne in *Iſrael*,
Salem his habitation was of yore,
In *Sion* men his glory did adore.

The

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Th'Eternall trine, and trine Eternall one
In *Iurie* then was called on alone,
The ſonnes of *Heber*, were th'adopted ſtocke,
Gods onely Choſen, holy ſacred flocke,
Amongſt all Nations, them he only lik'd,
And for his owne vſe, them he culd and pik'd;
Them his ſin-killing, ſauing word he gaue
T'inſtruct thē, what condemn'd, & what wold ſaue,
To them he gaue his word, his *Couenants band*,
His *Patriarks*, his *Prophets*, and his hand
Did bleſſe, defend, inſtruct, correct, and guide
The *Iewes*, and no one Nation elſe beſide.
For them, a world of wonders hath he done,
To them, he ſent his bleſt begotten Sonne,
On them, a Land he freely did beſtow
Where milke and honie plenteouſly did flow,
With them, he was till they from him did turne
And wilfully againſt his bleſſings ſpurne,
All *heau'nly*, *earthly*, *Soules* or *Bodies* good
They lack'd no *temp'rall*, or *eternall* food.
His *Temple* builded in *Ieruſalem*
Where he had daily ſacrifice from them,
Where though their ſeruice, was defect and lame,
Th' *Almighties mercy* did accept the ſame.
(For though Mans ſin is great, God hath decreed
To take his beſt endeuour for a deed.)
And whilſt they in his loue and feare abode
They were his people, he their gracious *God*.

But

But when impieties began to breed
And ouergrow old *Iacobs* ſacred ſeed,
When they from good to bad began to fall,
From ill to worſe, from worſt to worſt of all,
When GODS great mercies could not them allure,
And his ſharp threatnings could not them procure,
When each ones body was vnto the ſoule
A loathſom dungeon, to a priſoner foule.
When ſin (all ſhameles) the whole land o're ſpreads
Then *God* threw dreadfull vengance on their heads:
And for their heynous heaping ſin on ſin
Ieruſalem hath oft aſſaulted bin.
Firſt *Shiſhack*, Egypts King, with might and maine
Made hauock there in *Rehoboams* Raigne;
The *Citie*, *Temple*, *Golden veſſells*, *Shields*,
All (as a prey) to the *Egiptians* yeelds.
Next *Ioas* came, the King of *Iſrael*,
In *Amaziahs* daies with furie fell;
He brought *Iudea* to *Samarias* thrall,
King, Kingdom, Princes, Peeres, and people all.
Then thirdly, *Rezin* King of *Aram* came
In *Ahaz* time, with ſword and furious flame.
Th' *Aſſirian* great *Zenach'rib* was the next
By whom good *Hezekiah* was perplext,
But when blaſphemous *Pagans*, (puft with pride)
Contemptuouſly the GOD of Gods deſide,
The *Lord* of *Lords* (whom no power can withſtand)
Tooke his owne gracious, glorious cauſe in hand.

He

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He vſd no humane Arme, or ſpeare, or ſword,
But with his All-commanding mighty word,
One *Angell* ſent to griſly *Plutoes* den
A hundred, eighty, and fiue thouſand men.
Then fiftly was *Ieruſalem* ſubdude,
In *Iudaes* blood, th' *Aſſirians* hands imbrude,
Manaſſes Godles glory did expire,
All yeeld vnto th'inſulting foes deſire;
Vſurping Conqueſt all did ſeaze vpon,
The King in chaines-bound, ſent to *Babylon*,
Till he (Repenting) to his GOD did call,
Who heard his cry, and freed him out of thrall.
Then ſixtly, *Pharaoh-Necho*, Egipts King,
To great diſtreſſe all *Iudaes* Land did bring,
With fell confuſion all the Kingdom fill'd,
And (with a dart) good King *Ioſias* kill'd.
The Shepheard, for his wandring ſheep was ſhooke,
The godly *Prince*, from godles people tooke;
So this iuſt, zealous, and religious *Prince*,
(Whoſe like ſcarce euer Raign'd before, or ſince)
Th' Almighty (to himſelfe) did take agen,
As knowing him too good for ſuch bad men.
Nabuchadnezer, next made them obay,
When *Zedekiah* did the Scepter ſway:
King, Kingdom, Peeres and People, all o'rethrowne,
All topſie-turny, ſpoyld and tumbled downe;
The curſt *Caldeans* did the King ſurpriſe,
Then ſlew his Sons, and next pluck'd out his eyes:

Then

Then vnto *Babilon* he was conuayde,
In Chaines, in Prison, and in Darknes layde,
Till death his Corps, did from his soule deuide
He liu'd a slaue, and sadly, gladly dyde.
The *Citie*, and the *Temple* burnt and spoyld,
With all pollution euery place was soyld;
The holy vessels all away were borne,
The sacred Garments which the Priests had worne,
All these the *Caldies*, (voide of all remorce)
Did carry vnto *Babylon*, perforce.
Which, seuenty yeeres, in slauerie and much woe
They kept, and would by no meanes let them goe,
Till Persian *Cirus* did Earths glory gaine,
Who freede the *Iewes*, and sent them home againe:
He rendred backe their vessells and their store,
And bad them build their *Temple* vp once more.
Which many yeeres in glorious state did stand
Till *Ptolomie*, the King of *Egipts* band
Surprisde the Iewes, and made them all obay,
Assaulting them vpon the Sabboth day.
Next after that, from Rome great *Pompey* came,
And *Iudaes* force, by force, perforce did tame:
Then did the *Cesars* beare the earthly sway,
The vniuersall world did them obay.
And after that the Romane power did place
The Idumean *Herods* graceles Grace,
Him they created *Tetrarch* (demy King)
Gainst whom the *Iewes* did boldly spurne and fling,

For they had ſworne that none but *Dauids* ſeed
In the ſeat Royall euer ſhould ſucceed.
But *Soſſius*, and King *Herods* armies ſtrength
Did ouer-run them all in breadth and length,
By hoſtile Armes they did them all prouoke
To beare the burthen of their awfull yoke.
And laſtly them the Romanes ouer-run
By valiant *Titus*, old *Veſpaſians* ſonne;
Then fell they to an vnrecouer'd wane,
They all in generall, were or ſlaine or tane,
Then was the extirpation of them all,
Their iuſt, worſt, laſt, moſt fatall, finall fall.
Thus mercy (being mock'd) pluckd iudgmẽt down,
Gods fauour being ſcorn'd, prouokes his frowne;
Aboue all Nations he did them reſpect,
Below all Nations he did them deiect;
Moſt vnto them his fauour was addicted,
Moſt vpon them his furie was inflicted;
Moſt neere, moſt deere, they were to him in loue,
And fartheſt off, his wrath did them remoue;
He bleſt, he curſt, he gaue, and then he tooke
As they his word obayde, or elſe forſooke.
How oft *Iehonah* ſeem'd his ſword to draw
To make them feare his precepts and his Law,
How oft he raiſd them, when they headlong fell,
How oft he pardond, when they did rebell,
How long did *Mercy* ſhine, and *Iuſtice* winke
When their foule crimes before *Gods* face did ſtinke

How

How oft Repentance, like a pleaſing ſauour
Repurchaſd GODS abuſed gracious fauour.
When he did bleſſings vpon bleſſings heape,
Then they (ingratefull) held them meane & cheape;
Their plenty made them too too much ſecure,
They their *Creators* yoke would not endure,
They (Graceles) fell from goodnes and from grace,
And kick'd and ſpurn'd at Heau'ns moſt glorious face.
The *Prophets*, and the *Seers* that were ſent
To warne them to amendment & repent,
They ſton'd, they killd, they ſcorn'd, they beat, they bound,
Their goodnes to requite, their ſpight did wound.
The *Prophets* came with loue, and purchaſd hate,
They offred peace, and were returnd debate;
They came to ſaue, and were vniuſtly ſpilld,
They brought them life, and were vnkindly killd,
No better entertainment they afford
Vnto the *Legates* of their louing Lord.
Thus were the Lab'rers in GODS *Vineyard* vſde,
Thus was their loue, their care, their paines abuſde;
Their toyles and trauailes had no more regard,
Bonds, death, and tortures, was their beſt reward.
At laſt th'Almighty from his glorious ſeat
Perceiu'd his ſeruants they ſo ill intreat,
No more would ſend a Prophet or a Seer
But his owne *Sonne*, which he eſteem'd moſt deere.
He left his high Tribunall, and downe came,
And for all *Glory*, enterchang'd all ſhame,

All mortall miſeries he vnderwent
To cauſe his loued-loueles Iewes repent;
By *Signes*, by *Wonders*, and by *Miracles*,
By *Preaching*, *Parables*, and *Oracles*,
He wrought, and ſought, their faithles faith to cure,
But euer they obdurate did endure.
Our bleſt *Redeemer* came vnto his owne
And 'mongſt them neither was receiu'd or knowne,
He whom of all they ſhould haue welcom'd beſt
They ſcorn'd and hated more then all the reſt.
The GOD of principalities and powers,
A Sea of endles, boundles mercy, ſhowres
Vpon the heads of theſe vnthankfull men,
Who pay loue, hate; and good with ill agen.
Their murdrous-minded-malice neuer left
Till they the *Lord* of *life*, of *life* bereft;
No tongue, or pen, can ſpeake or write the ſtorie
Of the ſurpaſſing high immortall glory
Which he (in pittie and in loue) forſooke
When he on him our fraile weake nature tooke.
To ſaue Mans ſoule, his moſt eſteemed Iem,
And bring it to the new *Ieruſalem*,
From *Greateſt* great, to *leaſt* of leaſt he fell
For his beloued choſen *Iſrael*.
But they more mad then madnes, in behauiour,
Laid curſed hands vpon our bleſſed *Sauiour*.
They kill'd th'eternall *ſonne and heyre of heau'n*
By whom, and from whom, all our liues are giu'n,

For

For which the great Almighty did refuſe,
Diſperſe, and quite forſake the faithles *Iewes*,
And in his Iuſtice great omnipotence
He left them to a reprobated ſence.
Thus ſundry times theſe people fell and roſe,
From weale to want, from height of ioyes to woes:
As they their gracious GOD forſooke, or tooke,
His mercy either tooke them, or forſooke.
The ſwart *Egyptians*, and the *Iſralites*,
And raging *Rezin* King of *Aramites*,
Then the *Aſſirians* twice, and then againe
Th'*Egiptians* ouer-runs them all amaine;
Then the *Caldeans*, and once more there came
Egiptian *Ptolomy*, who them o'recame.
Then *Pompey*, next King *Herod*, laſt of all
Veſpaſian was their vniuerſall fall.
As in *Aſſiria* Monarchy began
They loſt it to the warlike *Perſian*,
Of *Nimrods* Race, a Race of Kings deſcended
Till in *Aſtiages* his ſtocke was ended;
For *Cirus*, vnto *Perſia* did tranſlate
Th'*Aſſirian* Soueraigne *Monarchizing* ſtate.
Then after many bloody bruzing Armes
The *Perſian* yeelded to the *Greekes* Alarm's,
But (ſmoake-like) *Gracian glory* laſted not,
Before twas ripe, it did vntimely rot.
The worlds Commander, *Alexander* dyde,
And his Succeſſors did the world deuide;

From one great *Monarch*, in a moment ſprings
Confuſion (*Hydra*-like) from ſelfe-made Kings.
Till they (all wearied) ſlaughter'd and forlorne
Had all the earth diſmembred, rent and torne;
The *Romans* tooke aduantage of their fall
And ouer-ran, captiu'de, and conquerd all.
Thus as one nayle another out doth driue,
The *Perſians* the *Aſſirians* did depriue;
The *Græcians* then the *Perſian* pride did tame,
The *Romanes* then the *Græcians* ouercame,
Whilſt like a vapour all the world was toſt,
And Kingdoms were transferd from coaſt to coaſt;
And ſtill the *Iewes* in ſcattred multitudes
Deliuer'd were to ſundry ſeruitudes,
Chang'd, giuen, bought, & ſold, from land to land,
Where they not vnderſtood, nor vnderſtand.
To euery Monarchy they were made ſlaues,
Egipt and *Aram*, *Caldea* them out braues,
Aſſiria, *Perſia*, *Græcia*, laſtly *Rome*
Inuaded them, by heauens iuſt angry doome.
Foure Ages did the ſonnes of *Heber* paſſe
Before their finall deſolation was;
Their firſt Age, aged *Patriarks* did guide,
The ſecond, reuerend *Iudges* did decide,
The third by *Kings*, naught, good, bad, worſe and worſt,
The fourth by *Prophets*, who them bleſt or curſt,
As their dread GOD commanded, or forbid
To bleſſe or curſe, eu'n ſo the Prophets did.

Our

Our *Sauiour*, weeping on the Mount did view
The *Cittie*, and foretold what would enſue;
And in his tender pitty vnto them
Said, oh *Ieruſalem*, *Ieruſalem*,
Thou killſt the *Prophets*, and to death didſt ding
Thoſe that were ſent, thee heau'nly grace to bring,
How oft and oft would I (for your owne good)
Haue gathered you, as doth a Hen hir brood,
But you would not, and therefore to you all
Your houſes ſhall to deſolation fall.
Which came to paſſe, according as he ſaid,
Which in the ſecond part is here diſplaide.

The laſt and moſt lamentable Deſtruction, of the Ancient, famous, *and memorable Cittie and Temple of Ieruſalem*; being deſtroyed by *Veſpaſian*, and his Sonne *Titus*.

COnfuſion, Horror, Terror, dreadfull Wars,
Domeſticke, forreine, inward, outward Iars,
Shafts ſhot at Iuda in *Iehouahs* ire,
Infectious plague, war, famine, ſword and fire,
Depopulation, deſolation, and
The finall conqueſt of old *Iacobs* Land. (hearſes,
Theſe are the Theames my mournfull Muſe re-
Theſe are the grounds of my lamenting Verſes.
Ioſephus wrote theſe things in ample wiſe,
Which I thus briefly do Epitomize:
Which worthy Author in large ſcope relates
His Countries alterations, and eſtates.

The

The Bookes of his *Antiquities* do tell
How often times th'aroſe, how oft they fell,
How oft God fauourd them, how oft his frowne
From height of greatnes caſt them headlong downe,
The *Seauenth* booke of his Warrs, declareth plaine
How *Roman* Conqueſt did the Kingdom gaine,
How death did tyrannize in ſundry ſhapes,
In ſword, in fire, in famine, and in Rapes.
Who loues to read at large, let him read his,
Who likes compendious briefes, let him read this.
Since *Hebers* ſons the country firſt enioyde,
Six times it hath bin waſted and deſtroyde,
Twice three times ſpoyld, and thirteen times in all
Wars force, or Compoſition made it thrall.
Compare all wars, that chanc'd ſince the Creation,
They all are nothing to their deſolation;
No ſtorie, or no memorie deſcribes
Calamitie to match old *Iſrels* Tribes,
For if each Land their bloody broyls recount
(To them) 'twere but a *mole-hill* to a *mount*,
All which (for ſin) in the Almighties furie
Was heap'd vpon the ſinfull Land of *Iurie*:
And almoſt ſixteen hundred winters ſince
Did great *Veſpaſian*, Romes Imperiall Prince
With braue yong *Titus*, his ſtout valiant ſon
Iudeaes Kingdom ſpoyle and ouer-run.
And with an Army Royall, and renownd
They did *Ieruſalem* beleaguer round.

With

With *force*, with *ſtratagems*, with warlike *powers*,
With *Rams*, with *Engines*, *ſcaling ladders*, *Towers*,
With all the Art of either *might* or *ſlight*
The *Romans* vpon each aduantage wait.
Whil'ſt the belieged, that within did dwell
Amongſt themſelues to *fell* ſedition fell;
,, Like neigh'bring bauins lyeng neere each other,
,, One burnes, and burning each one burne another;
So did the *Iewes* each other madly kill
And all the ſtreets with their ſlaide corpſes fill.
Eleazer, *Simon*, *Iohn*, all diſagree
And rend *Ieruſalem* in peeces three.
Theſe each contending who ſhould be the chiefe
(More then the *Romans*) cauſ'd their Contries griefe.
Iohn ſcorn'd *Eleazer* ſhould be his ſuperior,
And *Eleazer* thought *Iohn* his inferior;
And *Symon* ſcornd them both, and each did ſcorne
By any to be rul'd or ouer-borne;
The Citie ſundred thus in triple factions,
Moſt horride, bloody, and inhumane actions
Were ſtill committed, all impieties,
(In ſundry ſorts of vile varieties)
All ſacrilegious and vngodly acts
Were counted Noble meritorious facts.
They ſtriu'd each other to ſurpaſſe in euill,
And labor'd moſt, moſt how to ſerue the deuill.
Theſe men, of grace and goodnes had no thought,
But daily, madly gainſt each other fought.

They

They hurly burly all things ouerturn'd,
Their ſtore-houſes with victuals downe they burn'd,
With hearts more hard then Adamantine rocks
They drailed *Virgins* by the Amber locks;
The Reuerend *Aged* they did rend and teare
About the ſtreets by ſnowie antient haire;
Yong *Infants*, ſome their harmles braines daſh out,
And ſome on points of Launces borne about,
That 'tis not poſſible to write with pen
The barb'rous outrage of theſe deuiliſh men:
For they (vnmindfull of the Roman force)
Themſelu's did waſte and ſpoyle without remorce.
Their cruell ſlaughters made their furious foes
Relent and weep, in pittie of their woes,
Whil'ſt they (relentles Villaines) voyde of pitty
Conſume, and ruinate their mother-Citty.
The Channels all with purple gore o're flowde,
The ſtreets with murdred carkaſſes were ſtrowde:
The *Temple* with vnhallowed hands defilde,
Reſpect was none, to age, ſex, man, or childe;
Thus this three-headed, helliſh multitude
Did waſte themſelu's, themſelu's themſelu's ſubdude
Whil'ſt they within ſtill made their ſtrength more (weak,
The *Roman Rams* th'opoſed walls did break:
Whoſe dreadfull battry, made the Cittie tremble,
At which the *Factions* all their powers aſſemble,
And all together (like good friends) vnite
And 'gainſt their foes they ſally forth and fight.

Like

„ Like a ſwolne Riuer, bounded in with banks
„ Oppoſed long, with Pike-like Reedy Ranks,
„ At laſt th'ambitious torrent breakes his bounds
„ And ouer-runs whole Lordſhips, and confounds
„ The liuing and the liueles, that dares bide
„ The furie of his high inſulting pride.
Euen ſo the *Iewes* from out the Cittie venter'd,
And like a flood the Roman Army enter'd,
O'rewhelming in their deſp'rate madnes all
That durſt withſtand them, or aſſault the wall.
They ſet the fearefull *Engines* all on fire,
And brauely fighting made their foes retire;
The battell done, back came theſe hare-braind men
And each the others foe, deuide agen.
Pell mell confuſion, then againe began,
All order ſtraight vnto diſorder ran;
Their corne, and victualls, all conſum'd with fire,
Their hunger-ſtarued bodies 'gins to tire,
Prouiſion in a moment, ſpoyld and waſted,
Which kept (might well) for many yeers haue laſted.
Then Famine, like a Tyrant roames and rages,
Makes faint (yet furious) hauock of all ages,
The Rich, the poore, the old, the yong, all dies
All ſtaru'd, and fleſhles bare Anatomies.
This was a plague of plagues, a woe of woes,
On euery ſide their death did them incloſe,
But yet the manner how to loſe their breaths
Did more torment them then an hoſt of deaths.

To

To ſallie forth the *Romans* ſhed their blood,
To ſtay within, they ſtarue for want of food,
And if they would go forth, the gates were ſhut,
And if they ſtaid within, their throats were cut.
That if they ſtay, or go, or go, or ſtay,
Th'are ſure to meet deſtruction euery way;
But of all torments, hunger is the worſt
For through the ſtonie walls (they ſay) 'twill burſt;
Theſe people with war, woe, and want, beſet,
Did ſtriue how they might to the *Romans* get,
They hopde to finde more mercy in their ſwords;
Then their ſtill-dying famiſht ſtate affords.
Mans wit is ſharpeſt when he is oppreſt,
And wiſdom (amongſt euills) likes the leaſt.
They knew *Veſpaſian* for a Noble foe
And one that did not glory in their woe,
They thought it beſt his clemencie to trie,
And not immurde with hungry famine die.
Reſolued thus (diſpairing in their hopes)
A number ſlyding downe the walls with ropes
Fled vnto *Tytus*, who bemoand their caſe,
Relieuing them, and tooke them to his Grace.
Thus *fortie thouſand* neere with famine ſtaru'd,
Were all vnhop'd for by their foes preſeru'd.
The Cittie ſoldiers ſearch'd each houſe to ſee
Where any victuals might conuayed be,
And if they any found, they thought it fit
To beat the owners for concealing it.

But

But if they saw a man looke plump and fat
His throat they presently would cut for that,
They thought him too much pamperd, too wel fed,
And to saue meat and drinke, they strike him dead.
Some men and women, Rich and Nobly borne
Gaue all they had for one poore strike of corne,
And hid themselues and it below the ground
In some close vault they eat the same vn-ground.
If any could get flesh they eat it raw,
The strongest still, the weakest ouer-awe,
For hunger banisht naturall respect,
It made the husband his owne wife reiect,
The wife doth snatch the meat from out his hand
Which would and should hir loue and life cõmand.
All pitty from the Mother was exilde
She teares and takes the victuals from hir Childe,
The Childe doth with the Parents play the theefe
Steales all their food, and lets them pine in griefe.
Nor Free or Bond-man, Fathers, nor yet Mothers,
Wiues, Husbands, Seruants, masters, sisters, brothers,
Propinquitie or strong *Affinitie*,
Nor all the rights of *Consanguinitie*,
No *Law*, or *Rule*, or *Reason* could beare sway,
Where strength cõmands, there weaknes must obay.
The pining seruant will no master know,
The son his father will no duty show,
The *Commons* did no *Magistrate* regard,
Each one for one, and but for one he carde,

Disor-

Disordred, like the Cart before the horse;
All reu'rence and respect did yeeld to force.
These *Miscreants* with vigilance all watch'd
Where they could see a dore or lock'd or latch'd,
There they suppos'd the people were at meat,
And in their outrage ope the dores they beat,
Where entring, if they found them feeding fast,
From out their throats they teare the meat in haste,
Halfe eaten, halfe vneaten, they constraine
The wretched people cast it vp againe.
They halde them by the eares the house about
To force them bring suppos'd victuals out;
Some by the thumbs hang'd vp, some by the toes,
Some prick'd with bodkins, some with many blowes
Tormented were, to force them to reueale
Meat, when they had not any to conceale.
Now all was fish that fell into the net,
And all was food that fraud or force could get;
Grasse, hay, barke, leaues of trees, and Dogs, and Cats,
Toades, Frogs, wormes, snailes, flies, maggots, Mice and Rats,
All filthy stinking and contagious Rootes,
The couers of their Coaches, shooes, and bootes,
All vermine, and the dung of Fowles and Beasts
Were these poore wretches miserable feasts;
Things loathsom to be nam'd in time of plenty,
Amongst the staru'd distressed *Iewes* were dainty.
This famine ran beyond all Natures bounds,
All motherly affection it confounds,

No

No blood or birth, with it compaſſion woñ;
It fore'd a *Woman* kill hir onely *Son*,
She rip'd him and diſ-ioynted *lim* from *lim*,
She *dreſt*, ſhe *boyld*, ſhe *broyld*, and *roſted* him,
She eat him, ſhe inter'd him in hir *wombe*,
She made his births place his vntimely *tombe*.
From hir (by Nature) did his life proceed,
On him (vnnaturall) ſhe hir ſelfe did feed,
He was hir fleſh, hir ſinewes, bones and blood,
She (eating him) hirſelfe, hirſelfe made food.
No woe hir miſerie can equallize,
No griefe can match hir ſad calamities;
The Soldiers ſmelt the meat and ſtraight aſſemble,
Which when they ſaw (with horror) made thẽ trẽble
Each one with ſtaring haire, and ghaſtly looke,
Affrighted, and amaz'd; the houſe forſooke.
This horride action, quickly ouercame
Theſe men, whom force of man could neuer tame.
Thou that doſt liue like to a fatted *Brawne*,
And cramſt thy guts as long as thou canſt yawne,
Thou that doſt eat and drinke away thy time,
Accounting Gluttonie a God, no Crime;
Thou muſt haue *Fowle* as high as *heau'n* that pearc'd
And haſt the bowels of the *Ocean* ſearch'd,
And from all places neere ſo far remote
Haſt dainties for thy all-deuouring throat,
Whoſe pamperd paunch ne're leaues to feed & quaff
Till it be made a *Hogs trogh*, filld with draff.

Thinke on *Ieruſalem* amidſt thy Riot,
Perhaps twill moue thee to a temp'rate diet.
And you braue *Dames*, adorn'd with *Iems* & *Iewels*,
That muſt haue *Cawdles*, *Cullisſes* and *Grewells*,
Conſerues and *Marchpanes*, made in ſundry ſhapes,
As *Caſtles*, *Towers*, *Horſes*, *Beares* and *Apes*,
You, whom no *Cherries* like your lickriſh tooth
But they muſt be a Pound a pound forſooth,
Thinke on *Ieruſalem* amidſt your glory,
And then you'le be leſſe dainty.and more ſorry.
What there auaild their *bewty*, *ſtrength*, or *riches*,
(Three things which all the ſpacious world bewit-
Authoritie and Honor help'd them not, (ches)
Wrong trod downe Right, and Iuſtice was forgot,
Their greateſt, chiefeſt, only earthly good
Was (twas no matter how they got it) *Food*.
One little peece of bread they reckond more
Then erſt they did of bags of *Gold* before,
One ſcrap, which full fed crops away do fling,
With them, had bin a ranſom for a King.
The loathſom garbadge which our *Dogs* refuſe
Had been a diſh of ſtate amongſt the Iewes.
Whilſt Famine playd the Tyrant thus within
The *Romane* Army ſtriu'd the walls to win,
Their *Enginers*, their *Pioners* and all
Did mine and batter, and aſſault the wall.
Ieruſalem had three ſtrong walls of ſtone
And long twas ere the *Romans* could get one,

The dearth and death of ſword and famine ſpread
The ſtreets, that liuing trod vpon the dead,
And many great mens houſes full were filld
With carkaſes, which the ſeditious killd.
That with the ſtench of bodies putrifyde
A number numberles of people dyde.
And buriall to the dead they yeelded not,
But where they fell, they let them ſtinke and rot,
That plague, and ſword, and famine, all three ſtroue
Which ſhold moſt bodies from their ſoules remoue.
Vnſenſible of one anothers woes,
The ſoldiers then the liueles Corpſes throwes
By hundreds and by thouſands o're the walls,
Which when the *Romans* ſaw their diſmall falls
They told to *Titus*, which when he perceiu'd
He wept, and vp t'ward heau'n his hands he heau'd,
And calld on GOD to witnes with him this
Theſe ſlaughters were no thought, or fault of his.
Thoſe wretches that could ſcape from out the Citie,
Amongſt their foes found both reliefe and pittie,
If the ſeditious any catcht, that fled,
Without remorſe they ſtraightway ſtroke him dead.
Another miſerie I muſt vnfold,
A many *Iewes* had ſwallow'd ſtore of gold,
Which they ſuppoſd ſhould help them in their need
But from this Treaſure did their bane proceed.
For being by their en'myes fed and cheriſht,
The Gold was cauſe that many of them periſht;

Amongſt them all, one poore vnhappy Creature
Went priuately to do the *needs* of *Nature*,
And in his *Ordure* for the *Gold* did looke,
Where being by the ſtragling ſoldiers tooke,
They ript him vp and ſearcht his maw, to finde
What Gold or Treaſure there remain'd behinde.
In this ſort, (whilſt the ſoldiers gap'd for gaine)
Was many a man and woman ript and ſlaine.
In ſome they found Gold, and in many none,
For had they Gold, or not Gold, all was one,
They were imbowelld by the barb'rous foe
And ſearch'd if they had any gold or no.
But now my ſtorie briefly to conclude,
Veſpaſians forces had the walls ſubdude,
And his triumphant *Banner* was diſplaide
Amidſt the ſtreets, which made the *Iewes* diſmaid,
Who (deſp'rate) to the *Temple* did retire,
Which (with vngodly hands) they ſet on fire.
Whilſt Noble *Titus*, with exceeding care
Entreated them they would their Temple ſpare,
Oh ſaue that Houſe (quoth he) ô quench, oh ſlake,
And I will ſpare you for that Houſes ſake,
Oh let not after times report a ſtorie
That you haue burnt the worlds vnmatched glory,
For your owne ſakes, your Children, & your wiues
If you do looke for pardon for your liues,
If you expect grace from *Veſpaſians* hand
Then ſpare your Temple, *Titus* doth command.

The

The *Iewes* with hearts hard, offred mercy heard,
But neither mercy, or themſelues regard,
They burnd, and in their madnes did confound
King *Salomons* great *Temple* to the ground.
That *Temple* which did *thirty Millions* coſt
Was in a moment all conſum'd and loſt,
The bleſt *Sanctum Sanctorum*, holieſt place
Bleſt oft with high *Iehouahs* ſacred Grace,
Where (at one offring) as the Text ſaies plaine
Were two and twentie thouſand oxen ſlaine,
One hundred twenty thouſand ſheep beſide
At the ſame time for an oblation dide. (thũder)
That houſe of GOD (which raignes aboue the
Whoſe glorious fame made all the world to wonder,
Was burnt and ranſackt, ſpight of humane aide
And leuell with the lowly ground was laid.
Which when *Veſpaſian* and yong *Titus* ſaw,
They cride kill, kill, vſe ſpeed and marſhall Law;
The *Roman* ſoldiers then (inſpirde with rage)
Spard none, ſlew all, reſpect no ſex or age;
The ſtreets were drowned in a purple flood
And ſlaughterd carcaſſes did ſwim in blood.
They ſlew whilſt there were any left to ſlay,
The ableſt men, for ſlaues they bare away.
Iohn, *Simon* and *Eleazer*, wicked fiends
As they deſeru'd, were brought to violent ends.
And from the time the *Romanes* did begin
The ſiege, vntill they did the Citie win,

Sedition, ſword, fire, famine, all depriues
Eleuen hundred thouſand, of their liues.
Beſides one hundred thouſand at the leaſt
Were tane, and ſold, as each had been a beaſt.
And from the time it was at firſt erected
Till (by the Romanes it was laſt deiected)
It ſtood (as it in hiſtories appeares)
Twentie one hundred, ſeuenty and nine yeares.
But yet ere GOD his vengance downe did throw,
What ſtrange prodigious wonders did he ſhow,
As warnings how they ſhould deſtruction ſhun
And cauſe them to repent for deeds miſdon;
Firſt in the Firmament, *Th'offended Lord*
Shewd them a *Commet* like a *fiery ſword*,
The *Temple* and the *Altar* diuers nights
Were all enuiron'd with bright burning lights,
And in the middeſt of the *Temple* there
Vnnat'rally a *Cow* a *Lambe* did beare,
The *Temples* brazen gate, no bolts reſtraine
But (of it ſelfe) it open flew amaine.
Arm'd *Men* and *Chariots* in the Ayre aſſembled,
The pondrous *Earth*, affrighted, quak'd, & trẽbled,
A voyce cride in the Temple, to this ſenſe,
Let vs depart, let vs depart from hence.
Theſe ſupernat'rall accidents, in ſum
Foretold ſome fearefull Iudgment was to come;
But yet the *Iewes* accounted them as toyes,
Or *ſcarecrow bugg-beares* to fright wanton boyes,

Secure

Secure they reuelld in *Ieruſalem*,
They thought theſe ſignes againſt their foes, not thē
But yet when warre and death had all perform'd,
When ruine, ſpoyle, and furious flames had ſtorm'd,
Who then the deſolated place had ſeen
Would not haue knowne there had a Citie been.
Thus *Iuda* and *Ieruſalem* all fell,
Thus was fulfilld what *Chriſt* did once foretell,
Sad deſolation, all their ioyes bereft,
And one ſtone on another was not left.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

In the 23 ſtaffe of *Vrania*, line 7 for *adorned*, read *ador'de.*
In the 30 ſtaffe, lin. 5. for *Cretian*, read *Cretan.*
In the 39 ſtaffe, lin. 1. for *Memory*, read *Memory's.*
In the 40 ſtaffe, lin 2. for *truth*, read *troath.*
In the 45 ſtaffe, lin 5. for *ſtings*, read *flings.*
In the firſt part of Ieruſalem, pag. 6. lin. 17. for *ſhooke* read *ſtrooke.*

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